



A Famous Publication

1961  
NO. 123

# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



In this issue

**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**  
AND THE  
**ATOMIC FIRE!**



# "Johnny's Bright Idea"

FOR FATHER'S DAY JUNE-17

I'VE GOT IT, SIS!  
WE'LL CHIP IN AND BUY  
DAD A SUBSCRIPTION  
TO A MAGAZINE HE'LL  
REALLY LIKE!



...SWELL IDEA,  
JOHNNY! AND  
I'LL BET IT'S

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE,  
AND IT'S ONLY \$3  
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Have Mom help you fill out this helpful coupon today so that Dad will receive TRUE, The Man's Magazine as a gift from you. What a surprise for Dad when he gets the magazine that men all over America read every month... all about adventure, sports, hobbies, hunting, etc.

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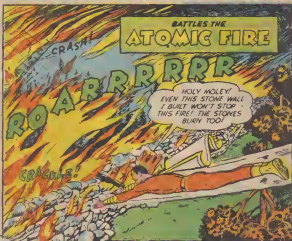
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*

# CAPTAIN MARVEL



WHENVER BILLY BRONSON TRADING BOY NEWSBOY, SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, WHO COMMANDS IN HIS MIGHTIFUL PSYCHE THE POWERS OF SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST HEROES OF ALL TIME!



FOREST FIRES ARE NOTHING NEW! BUT IT IS SOMETHING NEW AND FRIGHTFUL WHEN A STRANGE FIRE RESISTS ALL FIRE-FIGHTING AGENCIES, INCLUDING WATER! EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, IS SHAKEN AS HE BATTLES THE AMAZING ATOMIC FIRE THAT MARCHES ON... AND ON... AND ON!

AT RADIO STATION WHIZ, BOY NEWSMASTER BILLY BRONSON GIVES THE NEWS WHEN A FLASH COMES IN!

FLASH! A BIG FOREST FIRE IS RACING OUT WEST CONSUMING MANY ACRES OF VALUABLE TIMBER! THE FIRE FIGHTERS REPORT IT IS SPREADING RAPIDLY AND THEY CAN'T SEEM TO STOP IT!





THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME, CAPTAIN MARVEL! I'M JOHN JACKSON, OWNER OF THIS MILL AND FOREST! THIS IS THE WORST FIRE IN HISTORY! BUT NOW YOU'LL SAVE MY MILL!

I'LL TRY!

CAPTAIN MARVEL IS MODEST! BUT HE MEANS THAT HE WILL STOP IT! HE CAN STOP ANY FIRE, NO MATTER HOW BIG IT IS! I CAN RELAX NOW!

CAPTAIN MARVEL GOES TO WORK IN HIS OWN AMAZING STYLE!

STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! I'LL KNOCK DOWN THIS ROW OF TREES BEFORE THE FIRE GETS HERE! THAT'LL SLOW IT DOWN!

CRACK!

AND THIS TRENCH WILL ACT AS A FIRE-BREAK IN FRONT OF THE MILL!

WHIZZZZZ

THAT PROTECTS THE MILL FOR THE TIME BEING! NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE A FAST TRIP AND PICK UP SOME RAIN-MAKING EQUIPMENT! I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY!

SOON AFTER, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL USES THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS OF WEATHER CONTROL!

THE QUICKEST WAY TO QUENCH FIRE IS WITH WATER! AND NOWADAYS YOU CAN MAKE RAIN BY SPREADING SILVER IODIDE POWDER THROUGH CLOUDS!



THAT DOES IT! A SOAKING RAIN WILL PUT THE WHOLE FOREST FIRE OUT IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!



THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL! NO FIRE IN THE WORLD COULD KEEP BURNING IN THIS DRENCHING DOWNPOUR!



BUT SOON, THERE IS A GHASTLY SURPRISE!

OMIGOSH! LOOK! THE FIRE ISN'T OUT AT ALL!

HOLY MOLEY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE FIRE IS THIS?



THE MILL IS DOOMED! RUN, EVERYBODY!

ROARRRRR



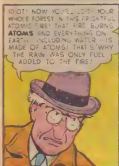
MY MILL! WHY COULDN'T RAIN STOP THAT FIRE, CAPTAIN MARVEL?

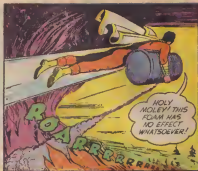
I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER! THIS IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!



MY MILL IS GONE! AND THE FIRE WILL SPREAD THROUGH THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF MY TIMBER! I'M RUINED - RUINED!

THAT RAIN SEEMED TO BURN AS IT HIT THE FLAMES! WHAT KIND OF FIRE IS IT THAT CAN BURN WATER?







CAPTAIN MARVEL IS FACED WITH THE STAGGERING TRUTH!

HOLY MOLEY! YOU'RE RIGHT! SINCE NOTHING CAN STOP THE ATOMIC FIRE, IT'LL SWEEP CLEAR AROUND THE WORLD! THIS ISN'T JUST A LOCAL FOREST FIRE! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!



DON'T LET EARTH BURN UP, CAPTAIN MARVEL! WE'LL ALL DIE! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE THE WORLD!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



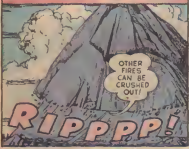
I'VE GOT TO TRY SOME BIG MEASURES NOW! WHERE'S THE NEAREST MOUNTAIN?



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL PERFORMS TITANICALLY AND LIFTS AWAY A WHOLE MOUNTAIN!

OTHER FIRES CAN BE CRUSHED OUT!

**RIPPPPP!**

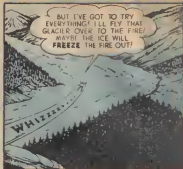


MAYBE THIS MOUNTAIN WILL CRUSH OUT THE ATOMIC FIRE!



**CRASH!**







BUT TO MY HORROR I FOUND THE FOAM WAS UNABLE TO STOP THE BIG FIRE! THEN I KNEW I HAD BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD! THAT'S MY TERRIBLE CONFESSION BEFORE I DIE!

YOU'RE A WITNESS TO THIS, JACKSON!



YOU SCHEMING WRETCH! I SUSPECTED YOU FROM THE START! BUT THE ONLY THING THAT COULD WRING A CONFESSION OUT OF YOU WAS THE END OF THE WORLD!



YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL FOR THIS, PROFESSOR!

HA, HA, HA! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?



FOOL! IN A FEW HOURS THIS JAIL WILL BE GONE AND EVENTUALLY THE WHOLE WORLD! HA HA HAAAAA!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!



IT SO HAPPENS I DID FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE! BUT I LET YOU THINK I HAD GIVEN UP--SO YOU WOULD CONFESS! I'M GOING NOW TO SAVE EARTH!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU CAN'T SAVE EARTH! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT HORRIBLE ATOMIC FIRE!

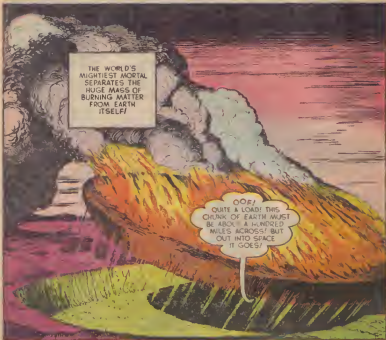


IN A WAY HE'S RIGHT! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT ATOMIC FIRE AS LONG AS IT HAS FUEL TO BURN!



BUT IF I TAKE IT AWAY FROM ITS FUEL, IT WILL BURN OUT! SO FIRST I'LL CUT THIS WHOLE BURNING AREA LOOSE FROM THE GROUND UNDERNEATH.

BRRRRRRRR



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL SEPARATES THE HUGE MASS OF BURNING MATTER FROM EARTH ITSELF!

OOF!  
QUITE A LOAD! THIS  
CHUNK OF EARTH MUST  
BE ABOUT A HUNDRED  
MILES ACROSS! BUT  
OUT INTO SPACE  
IT GOES!

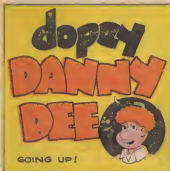


THE BEST PLACE FOR IT IS IN THE SUN ITSELF WHICH IS ALSO A GIGANTIC ATOMIC FIRE!



YAYYY!  
YOU DID IT,  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!  
YOU SAVED EARTH!  
EVERY BIT OF THE  
ATOMIC FIRE  
IS GONE!





**NOW! PRIZE**

**PLASTIC**  
**PICTURE**

**RINGS**



**ONE RING IN EVERY BOX  
OF Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN**  
*No Waiting - No Box Tops!*

**WHAT YOU GET!** Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump honeycomb raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!

**Surprise—entirely new series  
of prizes coming soon!**

Peacocks—  
Indian Medicine



INDIANS

Buffalo Bill—  
Western Hero



COWBOYS

**16 Different  
Pictures!**

**6 Bright  
Colors!**

Beagle 2771  
"Thunderceptor"



Sitting Bull—  
Indian Chief



Douglas DC-4

AIRPLANES

Gene Tunney—  
Ex Heavyweight  
Champ

SPORT STARS

**Wear 'em!  
Collect 'em!  
Swap 'em!**

Pen-America  
Double Deck  
Clipper



Wanda Hendrix—  
Universal  
International Star

MOVIE STARS

**Kellogg's**  
**RAISIN  
BRAN**  
CEREAL WITH FRUIT





# the POPSICLE TWIN ON THE RANGE

**TESS AND TIM TRAP CATTLE RUSTLERS**

— AND I SHOWED DAD HOW THIS "POPSICLE" CODE-O-GRAPH WORKS, TOO—

TIM— COULD THOSE MEN BE CATTLE RUSTLERS?

ROUND 'EM WATCHING US, BOSS

WE'LL HOLD 'EM FOR RANSOM IN THE OLD MINE

— AND TELL YOUR PA TO LEAVE THE MONEY UNDER WHISTLING ROCK

I'M WRITING BETWEEN THE LINES WITH MY SECRET INK

SMART WORK, TIM, USING YOUR CODE-O-GRAPH INK!

IT'S JAIL FOR THESE HOMBRES!

THAT WAS AN EXCITING ROUND-UP KIDS!

THERE'S ALWAYS A ROUND-UP OF EXCITING GIFTS IN THE "POPSICLE" GIFT LIST!

## GET SWELL GIFTS SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

Some gifts are better than others. And this is the best one yet. It's the Popsicle Gift List!



**#145 CODE-O-GRAPH**  
 Secret Service kit with invisible ink and alphabet cards. For instant messages. Be a spy. Hours of fun.

**79 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS**

**#84 SUPER STAMP PACKET**  
 Price includes 100 world stamps, some being largest stamp in the world. An excellent collection.

**50 BAGS or 10¢ & 10 BAGS**

**#5 SHARE CHARMER RING**

3 colored stones each with glowing eyes. A lucky charm that's the way to success.

**50 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS**

**GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... all for GIANT GIFT LIST... FREE**

of your favorite store or write to:

**"POPSICLE PETE"**

Address: **"POPSICLE PETE"**  
 Dept. G—P.O. Box 670  
 Star Line Bldg., 87  
 2700 Ave. 11 St., Los Angeles 32, Cal.  
 312 N. Hollywood Ave., N.L., Albany, Ga.

"POPSICLE PETE", "POPSICLE", "POPSICLES", "CREAKICLES", and "DREAMICLES" are registered trade marks of the BIG LOWE CORPORATION, O. F. L. B. F. This offer is limited to the U. S. and possessions. Good to order and use provided by any Popsicle, Creakicle, or Dreamicle. Payment by check, money order, or cash only. No cash or other restrictions in respect upon redemption or issuance. Buy of the above premises may be discontinued without notice.

# Capt. Kid

in  
**HOLD IT!**

THE  
FIRST  
TO  
BE  
TAKEN  
BY  
THE  
CAMERA



"HEY, CAPTAIN KID! IF YOU TAKE MY CAMERA BACK TO THE NEWSBOY'S OFFICE FOR ME, I'LL GIVE YOU A BUCK!"

"IT'S A PIRL! TOSS IT OVER!"



"TOSS IT NOTHING, THIS IS A VEKY EXPENSIVE CAMERA SO BE WITKA CAREFUL WITH IT!"

"DON'T WORRY, I WILL!"

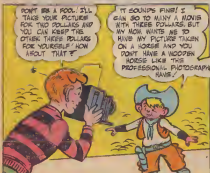


"I SURE PIRL LIKE A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THIS CAMERA! I WONDER HOW I'D GO ON A NEWS ASSIGNMENT!"



"HEY, SONNY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING IN THAT OUTFIT?"

"TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER! MY MOM WANTS TO ENTER MY PICTURE IN A PRETTY GIRL CONTEST! SHE GAVE ME FIVE DOLLARS TO HAVE THE PICTURE TAKEN!"



"DON'T BE A FOOL! I'LL TAKE YOUR PICTURE FOR TWO DOLLARS AND YOU CAN KEEP THE OTHER THREE DOLLARS FOR YOURSELF! HOW ABOUT THAT?"

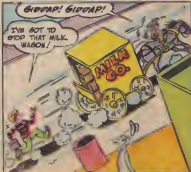
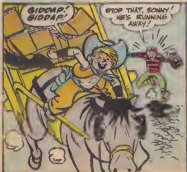
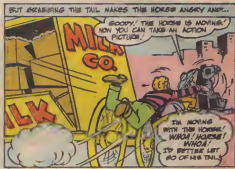
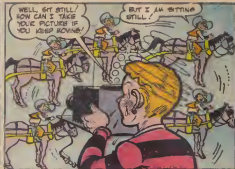
"IT SOUNDS FINE! I CAN GO TO MANY A MOVIE WITH THESE DOLLARS, BUT MY MOM WANTS ME TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN ON A HORSE AND YOU DON'T HAVE A WOODEN HORSE LIKE THE PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS HAVE!"

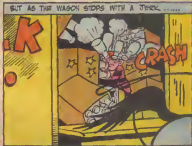


"I CAN GO BETTER THAN THAT! I CAN POSE YOU ON A REAL HORSE!"

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET A REAL HORSE?"







USE YOUR CODE FINDER TO FIND THE GUY

DLFOW BLF ORPN GL SZVZ Z WRMLHZFI UJ Z KYG?  
 YVGEVI GERAP GDRXV YVJLV ZAHQVIRMT! RM  
 UZYG, BLFW YVGEVI IVZV DSZG SZKXWVW GL  
 XIKQZRM NZIEVO RM GSV WRMLHZFI WROYWZ!  
 RGH Z GLAVB! RM GSV MYCB RHHFV!

# THE HOLLOW WORLD

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder

THE radio message from Headquarters of the Space Patrol came through tersely. "Attention, Lieutenant Jon Jarl! An exploration expedition went to Asteroid X-777 a week ago, and has not been heard from since. Find them!"

But first of all, as Jon Jarl rocketed in his space ship to the Asteroid Belt, he had trouble finding the right one. There were over fifty thousand tiny asteroids in all directions! But consulting his space charts, Jon finally located X-777 and set his ship that way.

It seemed to be an utterly barren little world, as Jon approached it. Its surface was all stony, with not a blade of grass growing, nor any signs of life at all. It was nothing more than a huge rock floating in space. Since there were no trees nor any objects of concealment, it should be easy to find the lost ship. Jon began systematically cruising over its entire surface, keeping sharp watch below. Being a small planetoid, it wouldn't take more than a few hours at high rocket speed.

But when he had finished, Jon had found no sign of the missing expedition. "How could I miss them?" Jon muttered, puzzled. "If they landed or even crashed anywhere, I'd see the ship from miles away. What happened to them? There are no monsters of any kind who could have killed them. Where in the world is that missing ship and the explorers?"

Mystified, Jon finally landed on the asteroid to scout around for clues, if any. Had they left a trail or anything? Endless reaches of stony ground stretched in all directions. There was nothing in sight. No trail, no clues, nothing. After a dozen such landings here and there on Asteroid X-777, Jon was ready to give up.

"I've gone over the asteroid with a fine-tooth comb," he shrugged. "That ship just isn't here. I don't think it landed here at all. It's impossible. I'm leaving."

Jon trudged back toward his own parked ship. Suddenly, the rock gave way beneath him. It seemed to break under his weight as if it were only a thin shell. And Jon plunged down helplessly, into gloomy depths.

Was it a pit? As Jon kept falling without reaching any bottom, for long seconds, his spine creaked. How deep was this pit? Miles, and miles perhaps? Jon kept falling . . . falling! He gave up hope. Sooner or later he'd hit bottom—and be smashed to a pulp. It was the end. Nothing could save him from this

terrible drop into a vast pit. At least death would come swiftly, when he hit bottom.

But Jon never hit any bottom. Minutes later, in amazement, he noticed that his speed of fall was slowing up! What fantastic thing was this? Slower and slower he went and finally his fall stopped altogether, and Jon was floating! Floating in thin air!

Gasping, wondering if this were all a bad dream, Jon floated and tried to look around. Gradually his eyes became used to the surrounding gloom. What he saw stretching vaguely in all directions seemed utterly impossible. It was nothing more than empty air!

"Sizzling comets!" Jon cried in sudden realization. "No wonder I didn't hit any bottom. There wasn't even any pit to speak of. This whole asteroid is hollow!"

That was the amazing revelation. And, of course, in a hollow world there could be no strong pull of gravity once you were within the world. That was why he had come to a stop and was now floating. Evidently the whole asteroid consisted of this giant hollow space, enclosed only by a thin shell of rock perhaps a few miles thick. But here and there, the shell had "thin" spots where the rock was only as thick as paper. Jon had broken through such a thin spot, thus plunging down into the hollow interior of the asteroid. That settled that.

And now Jon saw what had happened to the lost expedition. They and their ship, too, had cracked through a "thin spot" up on the surface, and had fallen down into the hollow. Were they down here somewhere, floating? Were they alive?

Jon found that by beating his arms like a windmill and kicking his legs like a frog, he could slowly and awkwardly "swim" through the air in which he floated. After an hour of painful progress, he made out a dim mass ahead. It was rocky ground again, as on the surface, but this was the inner side of the hollow shell of the asteroid!

Jon reached the "ground", and now its gravity pull held him down. He found he could stand and walk, without floating away. He didn't relish the bird-like floating business at all. The gloom was not so deep now. Jon could see quite well. There was enough radioactivity in the rocky surface he walked on to spread a glow.

Jon walked on, enjoying the strange sensation of walking along on the inner surface

## CAPT. MARVEL

of a hollow world. He was actually walking "upside down", in relation to the outside world. He was like a fly walking across a curving ceiling! And instead of the horizon curving downward before his eyes, it curved upward! It was all crazy, being inside a hollow world.

Jon suddenly saw figures ahead, and broke into a run. The missing explorers, six of them. They were alive! They turned in surprise as Jon ran up, yelling in greeting. After Jon had explained his presence, they shook their heads sadly.

"Too bad you came after us, Lieutenant," the leader spoke up. "Now you're lost in the hollow asteroid, too, without hope of escape!"

"Lost?" Jon echoed. "What do you mean? All we have to do is return to the surface."

"Yes, but how?" came the grim answer. "Our ship fell down through a thin spot in the rock, like you did, and floated into the hollow. After we recovered from surprise and realized what had happened, we used the rockets and landed on the inner surface, here. But we've been searching for a week, and we never found that thin spot we fell through. And how can we find the thin spot you fell through? Do you know where it is?"

Jon started to look around and then realized he had no idea at all where he had fallen through. In the gloom and utter sameness of this hollow world, it was impossible to know which way you were walking.

Jon went cold. "So that's it," he muttered. "Falling down into the hollow world was easy enough, but finding your way out again is another matter. The surface world is probably no more than a mile or two away—straight through the shell of rock—but it's as far away as the moon, unless we find a thin spot again! We're trapped inside the hollow world!"

The explorers nodded. "The thin spots must be very rare. The inner surface of this hollow asteroid is many hundreds of square miles in area. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack! It's almost hopeless!"

Jon straightened up. "We'll find a way out, if we search long enough. Get some metal bars from your ship. We'll search and keep tapping the ground. The thinner the rock, the more hollow the sound will be. That way we can eventually trace down a thin spot."

But three days later, Jon himself was almost ready to give up. They had gone miles in all directions, tapping the rock under them, hoping for a thin spot. All they heard was the dull thud of solid rock miles thick. Food was running short aboard the explorer's ship,

too. If they did not find a way out of the hollow world in a few days, they faced starvation!

Suddenly, Jon's tapping produced a hollow sound under them. "It's a thin spot!" Jon yelled. "Bring picks and hammers from the ship. We'll smash it open."

They eagerly went to work with the picks, trying to smash through. Freedom lay perhaps only inches away! But hours later, after much labor, Jon realized the truth. "This is a thin spot all right—but not thin enough. That is, the rock here is 'thin' compared to the rest of the rocky shell, but it's still perhaps thirty feet thick. That hard rock would take us days or weeks to chip through. So near and yet so far!"

"And we'll starve before we finish," groaned one explorer. "We're still trapped inside this horrible hollow world!"

"There's one hope," Jon said grimly. "Into your ship, all of you."

Soon, Jon himself was at the controls. "Brace yourselves, men," he warned. "This will be rough!"

Using the rockets skillfully, Jon backed the ship away from the rocky shell and then spurred forward at top speed. "What are you doing, you crazy fool?" one explorer screeched. "You're going to smash us against the rock. We'll all be killed!"

"Better that than slow starvation," Jon said. The next moment the pointed nose of the ship struck the rock with a deafening crash. But the ship did not crack up—it kept going.

Jon grinned. "I had to take the chance that the ship's steel nose wouldn't cave in. I figured we had enough power to crack through the thin spot to the surface. Luckily, it worked. Take a look at the stars again, men!"

"Glorious!" murmured one man. "It's just like leaving prison, or a dungeon!"

Jon nodded. "That hollow asteroid is a deadly trap, once you fall inside. When I give my report, it will be destroyed by the Space Patrol. One good proton bomb will crack it open like an eggshell and scatter it in a thousand pieces. There won't be any more Asteroid X-777 on the space charts."

THE END

**JON JARL** of the Space Patrol appears in each issue of **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**

# Captain MARVEL

## and THE URANIUM RUSH



THE GREAT GOLD RUSH OF 1849 OCCURRED OVER A CENTURY AGO! BUT THIS IS THE STORY OF THE GREAT URANIUM RUSH OF 1951! AND FOR A WHILE, 1954 SEEMS TO BECOME 1849 ALL OVER AGAIN, AS CAPTAIN MARVEL BATTLES ALL THE PROBLEMS ARISING FROM AN AMAZING MODERN-DAY ROMANZA!

AS BILLY BATSON, BOY NEWSCASTER ARRIVES AT STATION WHIZ IN THE MORNING HE HAS A SPECIAL GREETING FOR ONE ELEVATOR BOY!

HI, BERT! WHAT KIND OF ROCK IS THIS? I PICKED IT UP ON THE WAY!

FESTING ME, EH, BILLY?

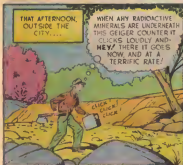
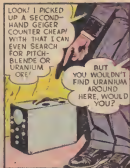


HMM! IT'S FELDSPAR, BILLY! OR COMMON FIELDSTONE!

YOU SURE KNOW YOUR STUFF, BERT! YOU'LL BE A GOOD GEOLOGIST SOMEDAY!

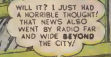


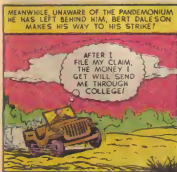












OUTSIDE THE CITY  
CAPTAIN MARVEL COMES  
UPON A SCENE OUT  
OF THE PAGES OF  
PAST HISTORY!

THE GOLD RUSH OF  
1849 ALL OVER AGAIN!  
ONLY THEY'RE LOOKING FOR  
MODERN "GOLD"—URANIUM!

WHEE!  
I'LL BE RICH!

I WONDER  
IF THIS IS  
URANIUM?



OH, OH!  
THERE'S  
TROUBLE!

THIS IS  
MY CLAIM!

NO, IT'S  
MINE!



WAIT, YOU TWO! THIS ISN'T  
PITCHBLLENDE! IT'S COMMON  
IRON ORE! YOU WERE FIGHT-  
ING OVER FOOL'S URANIUM!

FOOL'S  
URANIUM?

WHAT DOPES WE  
WERE!



THAT'S THAT!  
BUT SOMETHING TELLS  
ME I'LL FIND MORE  
TROUBLE AHEAD! THIS  
IS LIKE THE ROUGH AND  
TOUGH AND DANGEROUS  
DAYS OF 1849!



LOOK OUT,  
YOU! DYNAMITE  
IS SET TO BLOW  
THAT ROCK  
APART!



HOLY MOLEY!  
I MAY BE TOO  
LATE TO STOP  
THE BLAST ..

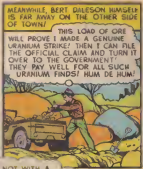
HELP!  
MY FOOT IS  
CAUGHT!







COME TO THINK OF IT---  
NOBODY! BERT DON'T  
TELL WHERE HIS STRIKE  
WAS! SOMEBODY FIRST  
RUSHED THIS WAY, AND  
EVERYBODY FOLLOWED  
LIKE SHEEP!



MEANWHILE, BERT DALESON HIMSELF  
IS FAR AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF TOWN!

THIS LOAD OF ORE  
WILL PROVE I MADE A GENUINE  
URANIUM STRIKE! THEN I CAN FILE  
THE OFFICIAL CLAIM AND TURN IT  
OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!  
THEY PAY WELL FOR ALL SUCH  
URANIUM FINDS! HUM DE HUM!



BUT OMINOUS WORDS  
SOUND BEHIND HIM!

THANKS FOR DOING ALL  
THE WORK AND LOADING  
UP THE JEEP BERT! I'LL  
TAKE OVER NOW!



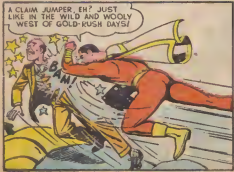
CARL  
HURST!  
BUT WE  
WORK  
TOGETHER  
AT STATION  
WHIZ!  
YOU'RE MY  
FRIEND!

FRIEND---BAH! NOT WITH A  
FORTUNE AT STAKE! YOU STARTED  
OFF A BIG URANIUM RUSH, AND  
ALL THE FOOLS WENT BLINDLY  
SEARCHING FOR ONE THE  
WRONG WAY! I WAS THE  
ONLY ONE  
SMART  
ENOUGH TO  
FOLLOW YOU!



NOW ALL  
I DO IS  
GET RID OF  
YOU  
AND FILE  
THE CLAIM  
MYSELF!

MOLY  
MOLY!



A CLAIM JUMPER, EH? JUST  
LIKE IN THE WILD AND WOOLY  
WEST OF GOLD-KUSH DAYS!



I BORROWED  
THIS GEIGER  
COUNTER  
AND FINALLY  
FOUND THE  
RIGHT SPOT!  
JUST IN TIME,  
I GUESS!

THANKS,  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!  
BUT DID I  
REALLY START  
OFF A BIG  
URANIUM RUSH?  
GOSH, I'M  
SORRY!





**BIGGER! AND BIGGER! AND BIGGER!**

THAT'S THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB! JOIN TODAY!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:  
SECRET CODE FINDER  
OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON  
MAGIC MEMBERSHIP CARD

**PULL THIS COUPON OUT NOW!**

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Please send me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose the fee and stamp to cover the cost of mailing this. I understand that I can receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB, which contains the latest news, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP CARD, along with many other surprises.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please to use this coupon to join our club. It is not valid if the postmarking date is to late up.

**SQUEEZE PLAY SAVES THE DAY!**  
 ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY!

IT'S THE LAST PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG GAME, SO WE'LL WORK ON BUNTING

LET'S GO!

THAT'S IT, BOB! A SWELL BUNT FOR A SQUEEZE PLAY. LET'S DO IT AGAIN

GEE! THIS PLAY TAKES REAL SPEED!

YEAH, AND WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO WEAR OUR "P-F'S" AFTER WHAT JIM TOLD US!

**JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!**

**1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.**

**2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION**

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

**THE BIG GAME!**

WOW! THE SCORE AND TOM ON THIRD!

REMEMBER THE SESSION ON BUNTING? BOB, DO YOUR STUFF!

BOY! THAT SQUEEZE BUNT WINS THE GAME!

THOSE PRACTICE SESSIONS SURE PAID OFF. STEADY PRACTICE AND "P-F'S" ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

MY "P-F'S" SURE HELPED ME GET A FAST START!

**GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:**

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP!

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company



# WIN OFFICIAL NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEDALS with your DAISY



**Exciting News!** NOW—for the first time in history—any Daisy owner can join in the JUNIOR PROGRAM OF NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. This puts you and your Daisy in "The Big League!" **Exciting News!** now you can shoot to win beautiful, official NRA Medals, Lapel Buttons, Emblems, **Exciting News!** now you can have MORE FUN than ever before, indoors and out, with year-around target shooting under ADULT SUPERVISION. **Boys and Girls!** now you can learn to shoot SAFELY... STRAIGHT... and BECOME A CHAMPION AIR RIFLE SHOOTER. Your parents or guardian will welcome this EXCITING NEWS! Ask them to read this page NOW. SEND COUPON, with 10¢ coin and unused 3¢ stamp, for brand new DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK! It explains the NRA Junior program for air rifle shooters, tells how to become an NRA Junior Member and gives special information for parents, guardians, organizations.



## DAISY 2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with Convertible PUMP GUN

No. 127 Model in stock for target shooting! Convertible Pump Gun shoots above 500 yds. 1475, new Junior Gun Balls 207 carb. 20mm. PUMP GUN with 2000 GRAIN BALL BARREL, 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED, BELL BIRD-TARGET TARGET CARTRIDGE, 350 BIRDS EYE SH. 20 JUMBO 20 CALIBER GUN BALLS, 2 KING BIRD'S TROOPING TARGETS, COX & SCOPES MANUAL, BATTERY OUTFIT \$5.00. Or get No. 25 Pump Gun only—the King of All Air Rifles! It's a 50-caliber lever-act repeat, take-down model! Metal parts gun-like with beautiful "gold"-engraved jacket. Pump Gun stock \$7.50.

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsman's association in the United States. For 60 years it has coordinated America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 25 million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this fun-tested training program.

**DAISY'S  
GUN-N-SCOPE  
TARGET  
OUTFIT**

Contains 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE, 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNT, BELL BIRD-TARGET TARGET CARTRIDGE, 350 BIRDS EYE SH. 20 JUMBO 20 CALIBER GUN BALLS, 2 KING BIRD'S TROOPING TARGETS, COX & SCOPES MANUAL, BATTERY OUTFIT \$7.50. Or get No. 25 Pump Gun only—the King of All Air Rifles! It's a 50-caliber lever-act repeat, take-down model! Metal parts gun-like with beautiful "gold"-engraved jacket. Pump Gun stock \$7.50.

**No. 211 COMPLETE OUTFIT \$7.95**

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**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. A-121, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

I enclose  10¢ coin, plus unused 3¢ stamp. Please rush postpaid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA Junior Program for air rifle shooters, plus membership benefits plus special information for parents, adults and organizations on Supervising and Sponsoring juvenile rifle shooters.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Parents!** Give Your children a chance to shoot! The Junior Program is the supervisor of a pump gun at 50 yds. & 200 yds. 1475.

**Organizations:** Sponsor a Junior group! Service unit? mental club, church, and air gun club, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised junior club, veterans, clubs—and more!

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## Air Rifles

**No. 211  
DAISY'S  
2-POWER  
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TARGET  
OUTFIT  
\$7.50**

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